

Valour: A Halo Story

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Summary: I wanted to tell a self contained story in the Halo Universe and try to link to main plots of Halo. Captain Isabella King is stuck between the Covenant and Insurrectionists with no hope of backup, she has to pick a side, she has to survive. Will she?

## 1. Chapter 1

**\*\*VALOUR: A HALO STORY\*\***

Episode 1

**\*\*Processing Warehouse,\*\***

**\*\*Cadaver's Moon,\*\***

**\*\*Outer Colony.\*\***

**\*\*2530 CE\*\***

She darted out of the darkness of the cargo elevator and had her back pressed against a container as the guard walked by. Her movement was swift and precise thanks to her new upgrade. She was still tracking the guard's movement, amused by the façade they managed to put up, when the hairs on the back of her neck stood on ends, she rolled forward before the butt of a gun slammed into the container. She drew her pistol and fired at her heavily armoured attacker, it pinged off energy shields. He lurched forward and she jumped back, holstering her pistol. She surveyed for the quickest exit and started to move. The attacker made a move for her, she moved to the side and gave him a round house kick to the back of the head. She made her way to the door and two figures blocked the exit and another tried to surprise her, she braced herself, caught his arm and slammed him into a container in one swift motion. She tried to move forward but another armoured figure came up behind her and grabbed her. He took her off her feet and she struggled to get some leverage, she kicked off another container and the both fell, she got up first and started

running. She hopped up a stack of crates and started jumping from one stack to another as her attackers clamoured beneath her. She saw another, exit a window, she withdrew her service pistol and shot at the glass, there was a gap between the window and the last stack. She braced herself and took the leap, she was almost home free when some grabbed her leg and slammed her into the ground. As darkness crept into her vision she struggled to look at her attackers, the one that grabbed her leg didn't take off his helmet, he just looked at her carefully. Another came up to him, helmet taken off, a bearded man

"Nice job kid, didn't know you had it in you" the bearded man said to the man with a helmet "shit she's still conscious"

"Easily remedied" as she turned to track where the voice came from, she got knocked out.

She was looking her feet, she still had her combat trousers on but no shoes, she was seated and restrained. She tried to say a couple words but all she did was mumble, it was coming to her. Someone used her hair to pull her head up and she was looking at a man, gruff and grey haired, he wore military overalls, he didn't have any stars to designate rank but he looked like a man in control. His voice gravelly, years of smoking at work

"Captain Isabella King of the ODST 105th division" the man said "that is you?" she just blinked slowly "I'm Theodore Coldwell. I hate to tell you this but you are a long way from home"

"Nah, I'm pretty sure I'm where I'm supposed to be" Isabella tried to smile but she got punched in the face.

"Mr Banks, calm yourself. You don't hit her with full armour, we don't want her to die"

"At least not yet" Isabell replied with blood in her mouth

"I suspect you are a hard woman to put down, seeing as you are still conscious" Theodore looked her over "what are you miss King?"

"Nobody, just a soldier trying to do her bit to stop the Insurrections"

"We are freedom fighters" one of the armoured men said. For the first time she really took them in. six of them spread out in the room, each just about or above 7 feet tall, only Mr Banks had his helmet off. Their armour looked different from anything she had seen before, their helmets didn't have visors just four illuminated symmetrical lines. The metal parts of the armour contoured nicely with the body especially around the legs. It looked advanced, beyond the insurrectionist, beyond the UNSC, maybe Covenant but about at this point, nothing surprised her.

"I'm sure you are" Isabell replied.

"Ms King we can make this quick, you don't have to suffer much. What have you told superiors?"

"Nothing"

"But you store the recordings of your findings. Where?"

"Everywhere, just in case something like this happens"

"I don't have time for this. Last chance Ms King, please tell me where you keep your data cache"

"I have to thank you, I had no idea you guys had gone this far" she laughed "I'm guessing this your surprise for the UNSC the next time SPARTANs show up"

"Very astute"

"So this is the dumbed down version, let's call them iSPARTANs" another punch to face and some shots to the stomach "lookâ€¦can we just skip the formalities and kill me already?" Theodore thought about it for a while and for the first time the armoured soldier at the door, turned around and she recognized him "hey kid, nice catch. I owe you one"

"Sir, what are your orders?" Banks asked

"We don't kill, get her to talk, there are ways she can still broadcast her message and I want to stop her before some automated process goes into effect" Theodore replied

"Yes sir" Banks got to work immediately as Theodore crossed the room heading for the exit.

"The rest of you with me, we have places to be"

"Hold on, hold on" Isabella struggled to say between punches "don't I get a say inâ€¦.." that's when she felt it, for a fraction of a second, she felt lighter. She knew what it meant "did anybody feel that?"

"What Ms King?" Theodore replied

"Weightlessnessâ€¦" there was a panicked look on her face

"No" Theodore was headed for the door when there were blood curdling scream and some loud thuds. An explosion tore open the wall on the floor below and Grunts poured through firing wildly. Alarms wailed over a mix of assault rifles and plasma based weaponry fire. The iSPARTAN at the door calmly walked into the room and allowed the door to shut. He clutched his rifle â€"it too looked different- and addressed his commander

"Sir, we have Covenant, what do we do?" He asked

"Give me your side arm" Theodore replied and got it "we have to get out of here and defend this moon. Am I clear?!"

"Sir, yes sir" the iSPARTANs echoed

"Let's move"

"Sir, what do we do with her?" The quiet soldier said  
>"If there is a window we take, if not...now let's go soldier" plasma

fire peppered the tempered glass of office and it started to melt. The insurrectionist advanced tactically. More plasma rounds scorched the walls and she heard the heavy thuds of armour walk down the catwalk, away from her. She froze with anticipation as the massive silhouettes of two Elites moved with frightening speed across the office windows  
"There goes my window..." Isabel said out loud. She tried to wriggle her way out of her binds but only the ropes around her feet gave away and she was able to wiggle them free. Heavy, deliberate steps came up the stairs. The gunfire outside had lessened to an extent but there was still some fighting, maybe the Covenant were winning. Another massive silhouette started to walk across the windows, it was about half way down when it stopped. Isabella knew why and she sat still hoping she was wrong, barely breathing. When the silhouette doubled back and stopped at the door, she started to really struggle with all she had in her. The light turned green and the door slid open and the Elite inched into the room, looking at Isabella quizzically and barking at her. Seeing her fighting her binds, he raised his plasma rifle and cocked his head to the left. Isabella stopped fighting and focused on the rifle, a mixture of fear and defiance. The Elite changed its mind, holstered his rifle with a magnetic snap and withdrew his Energy Sword. It cracked and screeched into shape, waves of smoke pouring over it. The Elite moved forward slowly, taunting her with every step. He aligned the blade next to his face, soft light of the sword highlighting his features as he prepared to stab her. She sprang forward with her chair and flew into the Elite chair first, they both fell, the chair gave and one of her hands was free but it hurt like hell. She got to her feet, the Elite had a tougher time doing so, she swung the chair and hit the alien in the face, it screamed and a wave of pain flowed through her but she continued hitting the being until there was just an arm rest. She was out of breath and the alien was barely conscious, it reached for the blade but she kicked it in the face again. She retrieved the Energy Sword, got on the alien's back as it laid sprawled on the floor, the blade cracked to life as it retook its shape and she ran the into the creature's skull. She let relief flow through her before looking for her gear and picking the Elite clean.

It was quieter outside the office and she could only hear some people screaming obscenities at someone then going quiet. The two Elites from earlier doubled back barking to each other in conversation. Isabel turned off the lights, something they'd obviously see and waited, steeling herself. The first through the door got a blade through the chest and a drop kick that sent him tumbling out to the catwalk and over the railing. The second was a bit more cautious so she rolled out the door and thrust the energy sword upwards, then she cut upwards as she stood. She ducked back into the room as the first round peppered the area around the door. She took out her pistol and fired into the crowd below. Loud barking and squawks followed she had to move and quick. She primed a grenade and tossed it at the top of the stairwell, the explosion destroyed any chance the Covenant had of getting up on foot. Isabella turned and ran down the catwalk, away from the stairwell. There was a broken window down the way

\_"Somebody stole my exit strategy"\_

That was her ticket out

\_"Get to the river, that's how I survive this mess"\_

She was already out the window when she noticed Grunts patrolling the area, she crashed into a Grunt, shooting it in the head, much to its surprise, she retrieved its plasma pistol and in her stride tried to group her shots and kill the ones closest to her. It didn't take long before return fire started, she dropped the plasma pistol and ran as fast as she could, darting whenever possible.

She could hear the river, Elites and Jackal giving chase, the trees provided enough cover to block their shots. She ran towards the cliff and jumped into the river below. Her attackers ran to the edge of fall and barked in frustration. Isabella couldn't hear them behind the waterfall, she stayed there watching for shadows.

## 2. Chapter 2

Isabella used the cover of the tall grass to move, a GPS notification told her she was where she needed to be but it was only a formality. She reached into the trunk of the tree and retrieved a portable computer, wrapped and insulated in some fabric. She synced all the recordings and data she had collected, from a storage unit in her helmet, with the computer and hit the 'send' button on the screen. The system seemed to hang as it encrypted the files and struggled to find a connection, it failed to find one and displayed a connection error on the screen. Isabella groaned and started to think, somebody was jamming the signal in the area, probably Covenant. In what she basically called an anti-ballistic cat-suit, fighting the Covenant head on was risky, almost out of the question but it was something that would happen eventually. She needed better armour and more weapons in case things got hairy. She knew a place that could have what she needed, maybe. A Covenant Dropship engines whined over as she dug into the grass, she guessed it heading towards her destination.

"Well, I guess there is no avoiding it"

She packed up her stuff and moved towards the Lodge

The Lodge was mainly as a hotel for the rich and powerful, perched on a hill with a wonderful view of the village below. Isabella was aware that some top military officers visited the place from time to time but it was of no strategic importance, there was no reason for the Covenant to be here but it seemed she was wrong. She approached the Lodge from an elevated position, stopping far away from the conflict and taking a spot up a tree, she could see the residents put up a valiant fight. Rifles, energy weapons, cannons and explosions pulsed through and painted the battle. The Lodge's defensive turrets were alien in design "parts floating the air but functioning like a SPARTAN laser- and terribly effective against Covenant dropships but some ships were still able to land successfully. Jackals formed a phalanx and Ungoy followed behind, once some ways away from their craft, the phalanx was broken and the Ungoy attacked with reckless abandon, their job was to force the humans to shoot and reload. Once they did, the Kig-yar would stand to their full height and open fire, peppering barricades with plasma rounds. The screams were blood curdling.

Minutes later and the Lodge was lost and Humans held as hostages as the Covenant searched for something. An Elite arrived and after a quick inspection, he barked some orders and the human were arranged

in a single line, one by one executed by two Kig-yar as the rest of the Covenant packed up. A young man broke from the line and headed for the trees, towards Isabella. The Kig-Yar bickered amongst themselves before one took the initiative and chased after the Human. He ran right under Isabella and moments later, his chaser caught up with him and savagely attacked. The young man was torn and tossed around like a rag doll until he went limp, even then Kig-yar took some jabs at him. Isabelle watched the Kig-yar walk back towards her tree, she wanted something he had, something that would help her survive. She drew both her combat knives and held them tightly until it was just below her. She jumped on the Kig-yar and planted her blades at the base of its neck, she kept stabbing until she almost severed the Kig-yar's neck. It struggled to stay alive but the alien eventually gave up. She dragged the body and placed it on the dead man's body. She also placed a knife in the dead man's hand and gave the scene some space. The Kig-yar's friend came to check what was going on, it saw the scene, let out a squawk of disdain and left after attempting some kind of investigation. After about a minute, the last drop ship left. Isabelle did a thermal scan of the area with her helmet just to be sure. She stood over her kill

"Now...how do I get you to work for me" she said to no one and a plasma torch in one hand.

"Well, it is definitely not pretty" hours later she strapped in the last piece of salvaged armour and stood. She had cut and strapped on pieces of the Kig-yar's armour. It took some time but she had finally mastered it and with a tap, the energy shield came alive. She repeated it a couple of times. "Now time to go scramble that jammer"

The Grunt didn't see her approach from behind, the alien barely had time to be startled before she snapped its neck and dragged the body under the bush. The last of the lookouts was down and she was free to observe to Covenant group below. The platform below her was the perfect over look for the village below. A Huragok worked fervently on what looked like a slab of metal, the more the Huragok interacted with the slab, the more it lit up and changed shape. Eventually it displayed an augmented map of the area. There were two Elites; one looked like an Elite zealot and the other a minor. Of the two, the minor was bigger and looked more in command, his armour a resplendent gold, engraved skulls of fallen enemies on his waist and strips of cloth hung from his waist with tiny blades at the end of each strip. The minor looked at the display as the Zealot spoke in urgent barks. Isabella watched the interaction astonished, had the Covenant chain of command somehow changed? it was wasn't her problem now, what was her problem was the pylon of to the side of them, it was the thing jamming her broadcast to the UNSC.

it took some time but the golden minor seemed to be leaving, he and the zealot had argued for a while but it seemed there was no winning the argument, the minor barked some orders and walked to the edge of the cliff, he said on last thing and nodded, the zealot gestured in kind. The minor jumped of the cliff and seconds emerged riding on top of a banshee, heading towards a waiting ship.

"\_Now what to do with these guys\_" Isabella pondered for minutes, formulating a plan that she was almost sure wouldn't survive execution. Most of the grunts were by the pylon, jackals on the opposite end of the platform scouting and chattering. A grunt started

calling out for the others she had killed, it was only a matter of time before the others would notice, she had to act. With some SPARTAN strength she leapt from her elevated hideout and over the Grunt calling out. With a roll she was in her stride and headed for the Zealot. By now the Jackal and grunts were sounding the alarm, she lobbed a grenade at the jackal cluster to keep them busy. The Zealot was almost turned to face her when she delivered a strategic kick to the back of his knee, forcing the zealot to take a knee, even with his energy shields on, she climbed up his back and delivered two strikes to the his neck with her combat knife, they pinged off his shields but the second strike depleted them. Isabella delivered the third fatal strike but the Zealot grabbed her hand and flipped her over his shoulder. Her heels slammed into the console and the Huragok floated away in panic. The Zealot got to his feet and tried to step on her but she rolled away, drew her pistol and started firing, trying to land head shots, the zealot weaved in and out as an energy sword crackled and screeched to life. Isabella had to think fast, the zealot made a stabbing lunge, she quickly parried with her arm shield, planted her pistol under the surprised Zealot's jaw and fired three rounds.

She primed the plasma grenade and took cover behind the alien console, seconds later and with an explosion of orange and blue the pylon was down. She quickly checked her tablet and there was a signal. She breathed a sigh of relief and worked her way to the front of the console, she started the encryption package and waited. "Access Denied" flashed on the screen and she swore. A command line console popped up

"Hi" the popup displayed

"Who is this?" Isabella replied a bit apprehensive

"Someone that needs your help"

"With what exactly?"

"The town below you. I need you to help me save the people down there" she looked at the town below and it took her back to a time she had tried so hard not to think about. She tried to steel herself but it was hard to snap back to reality, she could still hear Alistair wailing.

"I'm not sure I'm the woman for the job"

"Whatever problem you have with the freedom fighters means nothing, there are just people down there and they need our help"

"You mean, Insurrectionists"

"Call it what you must"

"What's in this for me?"

"on my honour, you get to send your message" Isabella looked to the town again

"Who is this?"

"My name is Korai"

### 3. Chapter 3

Isabella climbed up to the AA gun's platform using the shield to protect herself and being fast. The grunts didn't have time to reposition themselves. With a spin kick and an outstretched arm, she kicked a grunt in the face and disarmed the other. Two shots each and both grunts were dead.

"He can come up now" she spoke into her mic

"He is on his way" Korai replied

"Why are we doing this again?" the door to the roof opened and two armed men were escorting a frail looking man to her position. "I see him"

"Stopping the covenant from sending reinforcements and buying us a bit more time. If we start a full scale evacuation of the city, start a fight"

"The Covies either send reinforcements or bomb us all to bits"

"See, given enough time even the UNSC can learn"

"Nice one, I really can't wait to see you in person" the frail man finally made it to her and she helped him up the platform and let him work "you!" she pointed to one of the armed men "watch the stairwell, make sure nothing is coming up that way and you, you are on patrol. Report anything suspicious"

"Yes ma'am" they both echoed.

"What's your name sir?" Isabella asked the frail man

"Eng. Gideon Fitzroy" he replied fiddling his googles but still focused on his work

"How much time do you need Gideon?"

"Just give me five minutes"

"No problem, we've got nothing but time" Isabella stood up fully and surveyed the area. The city was a warzone, almost everything was on fire. Surprisingly the residents of the city were well armed and put up a fight, forcing the Covenant to advance cautiously. Still the covenant had shields, camouflage and plasma based weaponry, it was only a matter of time before what happened at the Lodge happened here. If she could read the patterns, the Covenant were moving in slowly from the outer edges, making their way towards the city center since it was a lot more fortified. Then she looked at the ship hovering menacingly in the distance, a Dreadnought in atmosphere, a sleeping dragon. Would what they were doing be able to keep it a bay?

"I'm done" Gideon finished with an authoritative slam of the access panel, there was a steady hum from the AA gun, a sign of his success



"Korai did you get that?" Isabella said and as she gave Gideon a thumbs up

"I hear him loud and clear" Korai replied over the radio "good job Lancer five"

"How about the other teams?"

"They weren't as successful"

"So what do we do now?"

"I, make do. You just get to the ground, vehicles are being dispatched as we speak"

"And after this I get my message?"

"Yes you get your message" Isabella nodded and moved towards the stairwell, signaling for the soldiers to form up on her, Gideon found a safe spot inside the group. Isabella activated the thermal overlay on her visor, cloaked Elites were a clear and present danger and there was no power to the building. They rappelled down an Elevator shaft, into the lobby and behind cover. There was an enemy patrol outside, she waited for the right time and started running, crashing into the Elite walking passed the door before he knew what was coming, with three powerful strikes her knife had pierced his skull. His buddies got over their shock real quick and started to fire, arm shield on, Isabella crossed the road in a flash and got behind a building. Her companions used the turned backs of the Convent to get a drop on them. It surprised her they could read the situation as well as they did, apparently some insurrectionists were better trained than others. The alarm for the city bleared and a disembodied voiced ordered everyone to the main shelter. Lines appeared on the road, giving directions to the uninformed. Korai sent out a broadcast rallying the armed officers to defend the civilians and escort them to the shelters. The once defeated city was alive with new purpose, civilians emerged armed and ready, surprising the covenant. One by one the covenant forces dwindled, in response the dreadnought hovering beyond the city, dispatched banshees and dropships. Isabella tensed up as the alien aircrafts approached, worst case scenarios running through her mind. She finally exhaled when a laser tore through the front line of crafts, like balls of fire they fell out of the sky. Covenant ground forces seemed rooted to the ground for a brief second, enough time to press home the advantage. A convoy pulled up just up the street from Isabella, two warthogs and three buses, it was more than enough.

As the last of the civilians loaded up, Isabella was reminded the ruthlessness of the Covenant, some pilots flew their banshees high up, they would be shot down but as they fell, the pilots would let loose everything they had and crash in crowded place. Now, some Elites would bail before the crash and as her bus pulled away, she hung from the door and noted the colours and armour configuration of these elites, nothing unique, they just painted the left or right arm of their armour in gold. as her convoy moved, Isabella eased up another degree and watched the chaos.

Her convoy was just about to reach the last checkpoint, the ones she had passed were hard to describe. men and women putting their lives on the line, fear and anticipation thick in the air. Most of them

were just people, regular people. it was humbling. the explosion shocked her back to reality, a pelican had taken fire, lost an engine and was doing its best to land gracefully.

"captain, can you hear me?" korai said over her head piece

"I'm here" she rolled her eyes "what do you want?"

"that pelican you just saw crash, a very important person was in there and I need you to make sure he's OK"

"this wasn't the deal.."

"I asked you to help me save lives... people"

"and he's people"

"please, help me captain"

"I'm on it, I'm really getting tired" with that she was on foot and watching the bus go away "where is the crash site"

"I'm marking it now"

"I see it, I can do it on foot"

"you need backup ma'am" it was one of the soldiers that helped her with the AA guns speaking, the other was just behind him

"no guys, save me a sit in the bunker OK?"

"yes ma'am" she turned to leave

"not dying...its implied guys" she said with an invisible smirk

"we know, same goes for you" she nodded and was off, sprinting through buildings. at some point she was just behind enemy lines but she didn't engage, she darted across streets and into buildings and finding their exits. From her observations, the Covenant were starting to trickle in and it was only a matter of time before they reclaimed the city. she found a vantage point just before she reached the marker point. the fallen Pelican was in pieces, wings to one side, cockpit to the other, dead bodies spread out. 3 grunts, two jackal and an elite cleared the debris looking for a source of light. moments later they found it, man a squirming in an energy bubble and holding onto a small trunk. she noticed the man but also noted the gold painted arms of the covenant forces. maybe it was some kind of special forces? she couldn't be sure. they tried to burst the bubble with gunfire it didn't work, then an energy sword and that almost fried the hand of the Elite. as he growled in pain he barked at a jackal, it in turn seemed to be making a call, Isabella knew she had to strike and like always, take out the Elite first. she check her AR and felt for a plasma grenade she had salvaged from pervious fights. she maneuvered into position and with a pitcher's arm primed and propelled the grenade, it latched on to the Elite and she opened fire. twenty rounds in, a grunt and a jackal were down, the grenade went off ataking the Elite's shield with it and leaving the alien severely wounded, the next rounds were to put him down as she darted for cover behind a broken piece of wing. she reloaded as the remaining three peppered her cover and it started to melt, Isabella

noted the strong pings of a covenant carbine, only then was she aware of the singed hole in her armour and her thighs slightly warm. she holstered her AR, drew her pistol and armed her arm shield. she popped out from behind cover looking for her shot from behind her shield, she found the first grunt and three rounds later, it had hole in its head. As she turned to find the next grunt, a jackal kicked her shield and it threw her off balance, she staggered but gained her balance a foot or two away. she turned to look at her attacker, The jackal's golden arm shone as it squatted into a combat pose, energy knives crackled to life and the alien sqawked with anger. it leapt for her but she rolled out of the and drew her knife.

the arm shield broke as she slammed it into the jackals face and in a swift motion, pulled it in by the arm, stabbed it twice in the side, once in the neck and dragging the blade forward and out, letting the alien fall. she flipped her knife and caught it by the tip, turned and tossed it at the hiding grunt. she retrieved her knife and then the jackal's, then she trudged towards the energy bubble.

"You can come out now" Isabella said not looking at man inside. she fell to knees tired and stashing her knives.

"is it safe?" the man inside the bubble said.

"wait for covenant reinforcements, I'm sure it'll be much safer then "

"good point...lemme turn this off" the man fiddled with an orb floating in front of him

"you think" she got on her feet the bubble collapsed

"hi, I'm Malcolm, Dr Malcolm Dale " the man stuck his hands out

"Captain Isabella King, Korai sent me" she didn't shake his hand "anything you want to take with you? we have to go now"

"all I need is this"

"good, we are three clicks from the next checkpoint in this area, we can find transport there." malcom nodded in agreement "you ready to run"

"I like running, don't get me wrong but em...there are better ways" as he spoke, a warthog pulled up at the junction unmanned. "our chariot awaits" malcom started to drag the trunk " this would be better if I could carry this alone" Isabella rolled her eyes and helped him to the warthog.

"Korai, I have the doctor enroute to checkpoint November "

" thank you captain. you are clear to the bunker"

"Just one more captain, there are women and children from a hospital" Korai appealed over the comm link

"we are down to two checkpoints" Isabella ducked behind the barricade as plasma fire screamed overhead. "we are the heck are they?" two roads converged into a parking lot and from the parking lot a slow

incline to the bunker's wide entrance. Isabella hunkered down behind a sand bag barricade on the same level as the bunkers door but forward and off the main road.

"almost with you" banshees were making bombing runs with grunts and jackals, weakening the checkpoints. it was a fight, a fight they going to lose.

"checkpoint Zeta, fall back" Isabella barked over the open line. the men didn't second guess, since she had arrived nobody asked her where she was from or who she was, the covenant had a uniting effect. the men at the checkpoint obeyed and started falling back, grunts following behind moments later. jackals with carbines sprang up on the barricades of Zeta's checkpoint and started taking shots at the retreating soldiers. the last bus came roaring through the zeta checkpoint , deformed metal and all, the driver intentionally aiming for Covenant on the road before he crashed into another vehicle. people driven purely by fear and adrenaline poured out the bus and contorted their way passed the metal rods that stopped vehicles from driving into the bunker. Isabella felt herself getting weaker and weaker but she just had to fight through it.

"Everybody that's the last one, you can close the gates" Korai broadcasted. it was all the people at the remaining checkpoint needed to hear, they didn't even try for a tactical retreat, they just ran away with all they had. massive plasma explosions rocked the remaining checkpoint as Hunters lumbered through.

Isabella was at the bunker's gate shooting down the road with the two men from for AA gun mission, as the last able bodied man limped passed. down the road was a blood bath, men burning to death and getting torn apart.

"malcom lock the door" Isabella screamed. alarms bleared as the gates closed in the slowest possible way

"Really?!" a soldier asked no one

" stay focused" Isabella kept her grouping tight with each burst that's when she saw him just from the corner of her eye, vaulting over cars and bodies with calm determination, the golden minor had his blades drawn. The doors wouldn't close in time maybe in 30 seconds or more, someone needed to distract him long enough for that to happen. the golden minor cut the metal rods blocking his way, a show of force as Isabella turned from behind cover and turned on her salvaged energy knives. she charged at him, slid under his horizontal strike, got on one knee and deflected the next two, they were so heavy, she felt like she was being battered around, her knives shattering into pink mist, he kicked her squarely in the chest causing her to fly backward, she caught her self and rolled to a stop. By the time she raised her head, he was lunging at her with a sword thrusting stance. she got under the attack and took some steps away to get her bearings. the gates were was almost closed and she could make it. he swung at her, she got under it again, moved to his side, gave him the strongest shove she could muster and took to her heels. The minor roared when he realised what she had done and drew his rifle. his aim was poor or maybe it was the nature of Covenant weapons or just plain luck but she was going to make it, if she took of the armour. a shot landed on her back and propelled her forward and almost made her fall. in one deft motion she cut the straps and

the pieces of armour fell off as she side stepped into the bunker. she took steps back as the third reinforced door closed, she just looked at it panting. a holographic console came to life, a stylized monk floated over a stick in a meditation pose, the stick lit up like a progress bar and when it was full, the monk was standing and holding the stick.

"Well done captain" The monk said with a familiar voice, looking at Isabella

"Korai?"

End  
file.